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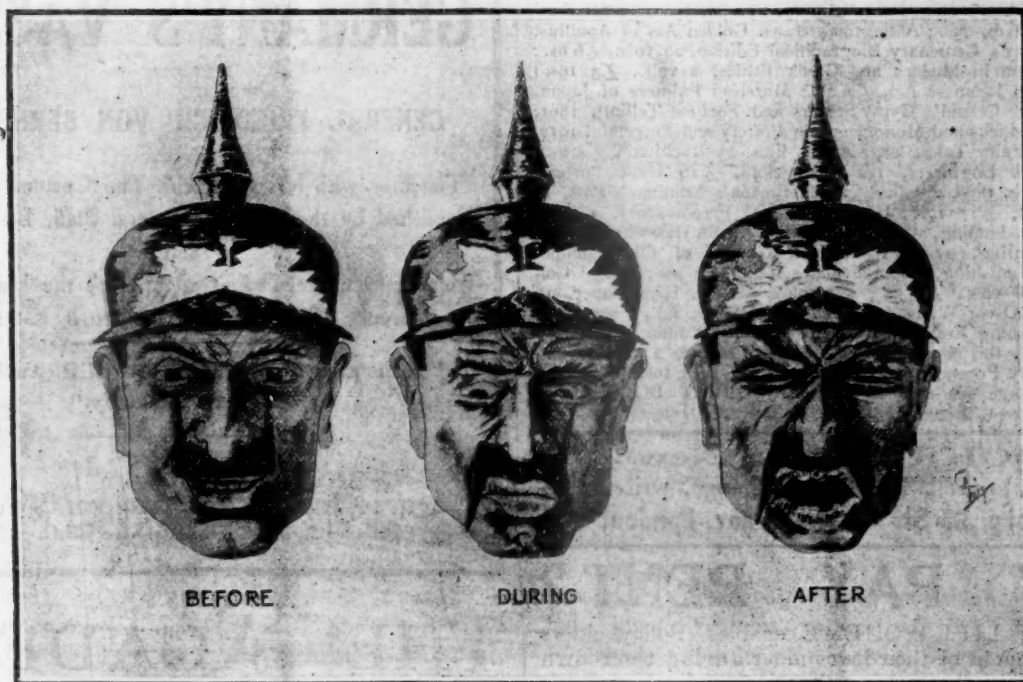
LITERATURE

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Notes of the Week

Parliament and the War

PARLIAMENT was opened by the King on Wednesday; its business, it is clear from the Royal Speech, will be wholly War—to provide ways and means to assure “a victorious issue.” The outlook for the Allies brightens every day. Russia has made such progress that she has entered German territory at three points, and the German forces in Flanders and the West have undoubtedly been reduced in order to strengthen the badly mauled army on the Eastern frontier. At the same time, the Kaiser and his War Council have made desperate efforts to concentrate overwhelming numbers on the British at Ypres. But success has nowhere attended their violent onslaughts, and the French and British have both gained ground. The Germans are supposed to be making great preparations still to invade England, but the chances are they will be back in Germany about the time they hoped to reach the Kentish shores. The German cause is failing overseas as in Europe. Kiaochau is the latest sacrifice to an inordinate ambition. The Kaiser is no doubt as surprised that the Japanese have taken Tsing-tau as that his own army has not already entered Calais.

The Magician's Wand

Lord Mayors' Shows in recent years have become a nuisance to a busy City, and speeches at Lord Mayors' banquets have lost much of the importance attached to them in the days of Palmerston and Disraeli. This year both the Show and the speeches have fully justified themselves. There would be less talk of conscription, whatever its merits or demerits, if the public were brought more under the influence of such a spectacle as that of the Territorials and the representatives of the Colonies on Monday marching to stirring strains. “Armies cannot be called together as with a magician's wand,” said Lord Kitchener. “I shall want more men and still more,” but he admitted that the response to his appeals had not been unsatisfactory, while the pro-

gress in military training “is most remarkable.” There has been a veritable Press conspiracy to make the country believe that we are on the eve of compulsion because the voluntary system has failed to yield adequate numbers. The voluntary system we think has yielded marvels, and the time to talk of compulsion was surely years ago. Something very like “the magician's wand” must have been at work to turn out the fine soldiers who took part in Monday's procession. The Lord Mayor's Show this year has, we do not doubt, been a first-rate recruiting move, and more spectacles of this sort would do much to kill talk of conscription.

What the Navy has Done

One point in Mr. Winston Churchill's response for the Navy has not received all the attention it deserves. People who look to the Navy to accomplish impossibilities, do not recognise the inestimable service it has rendered, in giving Great Britain time to organise the vast military resources of her Empire. Without the Navy Lord Kitchener could never have got together an army at all, to say nothing of an army of a million and more men. As for British commerce, what it would have suffered is well indicated by the exploits of the *Emden* and the *Konigsberg*. The *Emden* has now happily been disposed of after a smart action with the Australian cruiser *Sydney*. The Australian squadron has just cause to be proud of this feat. The *Konigsberg*, too, has been driven to seek shelter in East African waters, from which she cannot now escape. So the British Navy sweeps enemy ships from the seas and leaves the way clear for peaceful commerce. News of the rounding up of the *Emden* and the *Konigsberg* is the more welcome following as it does on the account of an action off the Chilean coast in which a German squadron of four appears to have inflicted a sharp reverse on a British squadron of three, costing us the loss of the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth*. There is much that is difficult to understand about this unfortunate action. Where are the German ships now? They still have to be reckoned with.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's Grumble

Enthusiasm in the pursuit of an ideal is admirable, but the enthusiast sometimes loses sight of wisdom, and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, in his desire to reform the theatre, has brought himself well within the range of the critics' firing-line. To his credit, we note that he neither flinches nor runs for shelter; but in his plea for the abolition of the actor-manager he aims rather recklessly. Our actor-managers are men of fine artistic perceptions, and if they must keep a wary eye on the box-office, what else is to be expected in a country where the drama—among other arts—is shackled by the necessity of earning its own living? On another point raised by Mr. Hamilton—that of payment for rehearsals—we are more sympathetic; lengthy rehearsals with possibility of short runs are among the difficulties of the profession. On the whole, we echo “Pellinore” of the *Referee* when he remarks that Mr. Hamilton “might have remembered that the theatre is at present more in need of encouragement than of criticism.”

The Ghost of Bismarck

WAR is a miracle, and, mankind as a whole having arrived at a dislike for miracles, a large part of society convinced itself that the miracle had been performed, on a large scale, for the last time. Miracles, it was thought, belong to the elementary stages of social development. Balkan nations in the making might go to war, not England or France or Germany. Even if France and Germany, through some extraordinary fit of mental aberration, decided to rend each other, that would only prove, we can hear some rationalistically minded countryman arguing, that France and Germany are at a lower stage of development than England, and must be left to work out their own salvation. We have been shown the apparatus of the alleged miracle by Mr. Norman Angell, for instance, and, once we know how a trick is done, there is no sense in trying to perform it again. War may henceforth be dismissed to the limbo of exposed frauds.

The miracle has been performed; all Europe is ablaze. Before the impossible vision, political rationalism died quickly into mutterings; Mr. Bernard Shaw, whose scepticism in the matter of miracles was, but a few weeks ago, above all suspicion, tracked it to its final refuge, the correspondence columns of the *Daily News and Leader*, and silenced its last groan. What matter if he said that England's intervention had nothing to do with Belgium? A professional jester must have a shaft for everybody, as well as a shaft for the obviously foolish. Germany insisted on our having a righteous cause to defend, and the gain is ours.

In the presence of a manifest miracle, as before the unheeded miracles of more everyday life, it is as well to court reflections that are not concerned solely with the present or the immediate future. Political geography is a fascinating study, but it is wanting in scientific universality. "Roll up that map," said the great pessimist, "it will not be wanted again these twenty years." "Undo that map," says the as yet untried family optimist, "it has not been wanted much since I was a boy, but I must have somewhere to put these little flags; where's Nieuport?" These violent exercises in cartography have only an ephemeral interest. The absorbing questions that underlie all sober consideration of the catastrophe are: "Is war, then, an eternal necessity? May not the present catastrophe be so directed that it shall become a war on war?"

The idea has been abundantly discussed by writers of every nationality, but especially—and that very naturally—by French writers. The Third Republic has never been aggressive, and it has lived in perpetual fear of a brutal assault. Even the question of Alsace-Lorraine would have ceased to be a very burning one without certain German dealings. Intensely patriotic Frenchmen have written in favour of a formal renunciation of the lost provinces, as better for Europe and better for the provinces themselves.

Unfortunately, the peace of Europe does not and can never depend on the fate of one of its provinces; if it

were so, diplomacy would be an easy art. Peace depends not upon a diminution of the sources of friction, but upon an attitude of mind. By this we do not mean that the more pacifists there are in this world the less chance there will be of war; on the contrary, we believe that considerably more than ninety-nine per cent. of Europeans are essential pacifists; unhappily, the fractional percentage that remains contains Kaisers, Chancellors, Ministers, and popular Professors. It is true that a country generally gets the government it deserves, and that Germany as a whole has given her assent, by implication, to the gospel of force; but the driving-power in Germany—and this is the point—comes from above, and not from below.

It is to these circumstances that we owe the spectacle of a number of Frenchmen, belonging by no means exclusively to the left wing in politics, calling on war as their only saviour from war. War, with the dispositions they found at Berlin and Vienna, was inevitable. Bismarck, Treitschke, and Bernhardi were unambiguous enough. The formula about the Austrian Empire being the Austrian army was more accurate than reassuring. So Frenchmen began to reason that, if war must be, it must be made into a war that should end war, to be waged sternly and remorselessly till the ancient Habsburg tradition and the more modern Hohenzollern tradition had ceased from troubling. Democrats and Socialists, the latter not so unexpectedly, joined in acclaiming the merits of a dictatorship, the supreme remedy of a threatened republic; as war must drive out war, so must tyranny conquer tyranny.

According to this thesis, the war must be made this time not as one civilised country makes war on another, but as a policeman makes war on a burglar. The German Government has been "known to the police" for a long time; its attitude has been a permanent declaration of war. Therefore, the true initiative must come from its enemies. That it has not done so no dispassionate critic, if such is to be found, will deny; but, whether this is a misfortune or not remains yet to be seen. There have been traces of the "police" attitude from the very beginning of the war; M. Gustave Hervé, who has spent years in prison for his anti-militarist, anti-patriotic pronouncements, and for his suggestions that all officers should be shot in the back, volunteered for the first regiment at the front; M. Jules Guéde has joined the Ministry. Neither of these gentlemen, and they are only rather specially striking instances of what sincere men in every country are thinking about German ambitions, believes in the excellence of war or of settlements on the lines of the Congress of Vienna; these two do not even believe in nationality as a political principle.

The crusading spirit is at the mercy of hallucinations; Kaiser Wilhelm has it more than any other modern. The only spirit in which war can be justly waged nowadays—among full-grown nations, at any rate—is that of policeman against criminal. When a nation has confessed to criminal instincts—in this case a belief that war needs no excuse but expediency—then

other nations have the common duty of repressing these instincts; or, when the malefactor has proceeded from desires and words to deeds, of putting him under lock and key. We cannot believe that, in the long run, the burglar will prove too strong for the policeman.

The ideal war, as imagined a year or two ago by a distinguished French officer, ended in a compulsory proportionate disarmament, leaving, in the place of the "armed peace," a "gendarmerie internationale" to keep the peace and to enforce international sentences. But, in the fictitious case, the war began in a demand for disarmament, and the present war had a commonplace, traditional origin in a quarrel, over something that hardly anybody understood, in a remote corner of Europe. A good opinion, however, sometimes has a fiery birth, and the opinion that there must be no more apes of Bismarck will doubtless have time and the chance to crystallise. A few more Louvains, and Prussia is down.

There is one object, and one only, in the present war: it is to lay the ghost of Bismarck.

An Open Letter to General Botha

SIR,—I suppose of all the leading men in the British Empire to-day you have about the most difficult part to play. Difficult, at any rate, it seems to some of us who from afar study you and the situation in which you find yourself. To you I can well believe it is not so difficult. Duty and good faith are for such as you not the problems they may seem to the man who is not surrounded by friends inclined to side with the enemy of their sovereign. If I read your character correctly you are incapable of looking to the right or the left when you know that honour calls you straight ahead. The mere fact that a sometime comrade in arms should go back on his oath is in itself sufficient to make you doubly determined to be faithful. You are, of course, fortunate in having so staunch a mentor and colleague as General Smuts; you and he have done everything in the last month to show the world that if there are Boers like De Wet who never forget and never forgive, there are others who hold their honour sacred.

Eight years ago, when the British Government were proposing to hand over to the Transvaal all the fruits of the victory won by British arms in three years of bitter warfare, I remember people saying, "You cannot trust the Boers." My answer was that you can trust Louis Botha, and I am a proud prophet to-day; you have proved that I prophesied because I knew. In all history, as you will bear me out, there is no parallel to the concession of absolute self-government made to you and your friends so soon after you had surrendered your claim to independence at Vereeniging. It was the Imperial pledge of goodwill, and you, at least, have cordially reciprocated. Great Britain treated the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony with a generosity which, if it seemed Quixotic, has been amply justified by events.

What thoughts were stirred by your assurance to the Imperial Government that they might safely withdraw the Imperial troops and leave the defence of South Africa to the Union Forces! The victor of Colenso and Spion Kop was prepared to safeguard South Africa for the British Crown against the attacks of the Power to whom the Boers looked in 1899-1900 for moral and material support! The whirligig of history has never brought a development more profoundly significant than that. When Mr. Chamberlain was in South Africa after the war you will recall a banquet in Pretoria at which he pointed out that "what both countries have to do is to forget the past and to look to the future." That was only eleven years ago, and here you are giving the most eloquent proof that the old, bad past has been wiped out of your mind. You once said that your reasons for standing by the Empire were honour, loyalty, and gratitude. Strange words, perhaps, from Boer lips! How often have you heard your compatriots pledge themselves never to rest till the British flag had been driven from South Africa? What you have learnt is that Great Britain had been as thoroughly misunderstood as, shall one say, she had misunderstood the Boers? It is only with the backveldter, who looks to De Wet as the heaven-sent leader, to Maritz as the hero, and to Hertzog as the embodiment of enlightened statesmanship, that doubts of British aims in South Africa still linger.

Fortunately—alike for Empire and Union—South Africa as a whole has shown its readiness to follow you and General Smuts. A general rising in South Africa would have blasted the Dutch reputation for ever, and it would have pleased none but the Germans, who have afforded the world a ghastly object-lesson in their respect for the rights of small peoples. In the end, it would have advantaged you nothing, for it would almost certainly have meant a new war more disastrous than the last; and if ultimately Germany achieved a miracle and triumphed in the conflict now being waged, you would assuredly have found yourself face to face with cast-iron conditions which are a menace not to countries, but to civilisation. Your recent action has been due not merely to your sense of decency and of honour, but to your realisation of an essential fact: the British Empire is the guarantee of the security of every legitimate South African ambition to-day, and you are a South African first and a Boer with a memory afterwards. "We must not be Dutch or British," you once said, "but South Africans," and to assure that ideal you worked to erect the fortress of Union, against which the forces of German Kultur, Hertzog racialism, and De Wet treachery will beat themselves in vain.

No man in the British Empire seems to have a surer instinct for the right course than has been vouchsafed to you. Your action in deporting the Labour leaders a couple of years ago was in keeping with your decisive movement now. What Britishers at home like so much in you is that there is no nonsense about either your speech or your deeds. You know what you want, you know how to get it, and you do not hesitate to adopt

whatever course is necessary, whether popular or unpopular. It never does to presume on your ignorance. Is that story told of your visit to the French Government Farm near Rambouillet true? It is said that you were regarded as a soldier and statesman, and not in any sense as a farmer. You wanted some stud stock for South Africa. They showed you all they had, and after due inspection you selected six prize pedigree rams, to the dismay of the officials. They had to explain to you that you had chosen too well. They could not part with their half-dozen treasures, and I believe a compromise was effected. Sir, if I mistake not, it is your habit always to select of the very best, and it is no mean asset of Empire, as it certainly is no mean compliment, that you have chosen to range yourself for all time on Britain's side.

I am, yours obediently,
CARNEADES, JUNR.

The Buffer State

THE FALSENESS OF ITS THEORY: THE
CRUELTY OF ITS PRACTICE

BY FRANK A. CLEMENT

THE present war has raised many problems which will need to be solved when peace is once more declared, and of all these problems that of the buffer or neutral State will claim our earliest attention. Its solution will be no easy matter. The treatment to which Belgium has been subjected by Germany is such that the whole civilised world has been shocked beyond expression, and will demand at the end of hostilities that some means shall be found whereby any repetition of the offence, whether committed against Belgium or any other peaceful country, shall be rendered, if not impossible, at any rate so unlikely that the risk may be considered negligible. No doubt many of us have long foreseen the danger to which the guaranteed States would be subjected, did their more powerful neighbours and guarantors quarrel among themselves, and there were many who held that only by incorporation in great States or by federation among themselves could the small nationalities continue to exist. Of these alternatives the latter naturally appears to be practicable in the case of little States whose frontiers abut, and who, combined, would be powerful enough to secure and, if necessary, to enforce respect. It generally happens, however, that mere propinquity does not imply either racial or political unity, and the evidence of distrust and enmity which has recently been provided by the little nations of South-East Europe does not tend to encourage one in the belief that a stable Balkan confederation, at any rate, is in the nature of practical politics. In North-West Europe would a federation be possible, say, between Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium? With regard to the first four, such a combination for defensive purposes ought not to be impracticable; but the Catholic element in Belgium would seem to forbid such an

alliance, so far as the latter is concerned. As a matter of fact, Belgian sympathies lie with France rather than with the peoples of the North, and had the nature of things, rather than political expediencies, been responsible for the formation of frontiers, Belgium would, no doubt, have been a province, and a perfectly happy and contented province, of her southern neighbour. We have, however, to deal with what is, and not with what might have been, and there can be no question that, after the superb fight Belgium has put up for her integrity and independence, she must and will have her place in the sun on a basis of nationality. Of the other smaller nations, Switzerland is so happily situated physically, and has a history so deterrent of invasion, that even guarantees are superfluous, and only a nation lost to all sense of the reality of things would care to waste its energies in an endeavour to secure so precarious a prize. There remains Portugal. But Portugal is the Ally of Britain, and her geographical position is such that she could always hold her frontiers till help arrived.

In spite of her mountainous frontier, however, Portugal seems to us to provide the clue we are seeking. Is it not probable that, if Belgium had been the Ally of France, or England, or both, her position would have been more secure than it turned out to be under the "scrap of paper" that seemed her stronghold and became her undoing? Never again, we imagine, will any country trust to the good faith of guarantors whose interests are at any moment likely to be diverse. After all, what interests had Belgium in common with Germany? None, unless a mutual desire for peace could be assumed. It is, however, many years now since Germany had any very obvious love of peace; her whole energies have been devoted for a generation and more to the preparation for war, for the war, in fact, that is now raging, and everyone not besotted in pacifist theories knew that, when war came, all treaties and guarantees inconvenient to Germany would go by the board. We often hear it said that, if this or that had been done, there would have been no war, and these assertions, no doubt, are quite true. But the mere postponement of the struggle would have been of no particular advantage to anyone. Russia would have had a larger fleet, and Germany would have had a larger army, in proportion. But as the war had to come in any case, it is probably as well that it came now, instead of in a year or two's time. The only question we have to ask is this: Would Belgium have been in a better position if at the outbreak of hostilities she had been the ally, and not the protégé, of Britain and France? We think she would. We put on one side the probability—nay, the certainty—that had Germany been convinced that the violation of Belgian territory would inevitably have put the whole resources of the British Empire at the service of France and Belgium, the war would have been postponed; for this postponement would only have helped Belgium for the time; the horrors of invasion would still have come. But if Belgium had been allied with France and Britain, then defensive measures against a common

enemy would have been arranged, and the German frontiers of Belgium would not have been considered inviolable, but frontiers to be fortified and watched and guarded as closely as was the French frontier from Luxemburg to Switzerland; and in the days of doubt preceding the actual outbreak, common measures of defence would have been devised that would not have thrown upon Belgium the impossible duty of keeping, single-handed, the great Empires of Germany and Austria-Hungary at bay. In the event imagined, had the measures adopted been thorough and prompt, the German invasion might have been confined to the frontier, especially in view of the difficulty with which modern entrenched positions can be effectively assailed.

If small nationalities are to retain their independence, and if friendships between great Powers are to be fully effective, guarantees and ententes must give way to definite federations or specific alliances. Now that the nations know to a great extent how they stand and must stand towards each other, these federations and alliances should not be difficult of achievement, and that cruel delusion, the Buffer State, be at once and permanently banished from the West, and sooner or later from the East. The little nation which depends upon the goodwill of those who hate one another will always, sooner or later, find that it has put its faith in a fallacy. The maddest pacifist must know by now that events are governed not by pretty words, but by stern and immutable facts.

"Put Forth Thy Hand"

BY TAUNTON WILLIAMS

THE example of Job has been quoted a good deal in the last few weeks as an illustration of what the national attitude is or should be towards the war. I am inclined to agree that, up to a certain stage, the illustration is apposite, but not altogether in the sense in which it is employed. Job has always stood as the model *par excellence* for patience, endurance and long suffering. As a matter of fact his reputation in this direction has been as little deserved as that of Ananias in another. Any average house-agent or commercial traveller of to-day could make Ananias retire in confusion at a lying competition. No British jury would convict Ananias for such a feeble attempt at suppressing the truth. And Job has been every bit as over-rated in his own particular line of business. Nevertheless, he may serve as an illustration of the present atti-

tude of the British public towards the war. Let me make my point by a few parallels, and first show what manner of man he was reputed to be. Said the Lord to Satan:—

Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil?

There you have the typical Anglo-Saxon self-opinion, whether it comes from these little islands or from across the Atlantic. I have known quite sober-minded people who were convinced that the Lost Tribes must have migrated to Great Britain because no other than the English people could have been selected out of all the nations to be God's appointed people. In this respect we have the Job spirit well developed. But to proceed. Satan answered:

Hast not thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side?

Thou hast blest the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land.

Here again the parallel holds if for a hedge we read our marine girdle. We are, indeed, hedged about from battle, murder and sudden death. No open frontiers to defend, no converging armies threatening our homes and bombarding our open cities. We even resent a Zeppelin as an infringement of our patent rights in insular security. Surely Satan must have had Great Britain in his mind when he drew this picture of perfect safety. And Job must have felt the same sense of immunity as the British public from the privations and disasters that afflict the rest of mankind. If he were living amongst us to-day, he would have been of those who insist upon their regular meals, their music-halls, their football matches, their golf and their auction bridge, though Continental Europe was a shambles and the patriotic minority of Englishmen were giving their lives in wet, bullet-swept trenches in order that he might "sleep soundly in his bed." Yes, Job would certainly have insisted upon "business as usual": upon "living normally," etc. But Satan understood the type: he knew that there was only one way to penetrate such smug self-complacency. Still he did not go to extremes at the first. He said:

But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face.

And God proceeded to follow the advice. The Sabaeans were allowed to annex the oxen and the asses, and to slay the servants in the eldest son's house. Then the fires of heaven consumed the sheep and apparently a relay of servants. Next the Chaldean bands appro-

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priated the camels and slew more servants. Finally Job's sons were crushed by the storm-smitten house in which they were feasting. Did all these afflictions shake Job's serene sense of rectitude? Not a bit. The afflictions only affected other people. They did not come near enough home. He was still surrounded by a moral St. George's Channel which not even a Zeppelin had got across. In plainer words he had experienced no sense of personal suffering. And so he could say with exemplary resignation:

Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

That is the spirit in which many quite excellent English people are hearing the horrors of the war which is being waged by the divine grace of Emperor William. They are genuinely sorry for Belgium; they have a passing regret for Louvain, Malines, and Rheims; they feel a tremor of distress when a British battleship is sunk with the loss of many lives. But they are resigned, O so beautifully resigned, and go on with their knitting for the dear fellows in the trenches or subscribe to the soldier's tobacco fund. I am not sure if they are to be blamed. Life is so snug, so orderly, so "hedged about" that it requires imagination to realise the grim happenings across the water when not a gun-shot can be heard. Job could not have been imaginative. Satan had to play his ace of trumps. When next the immaculateness of Job was extolled he replied:

But put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face.

When the "sore boils" came Job did not curse God, but he was mighty sorry for himself. It is a wonderfully full-blooded outburst of imprecations and lamentations with which he relieves himself. The cursing is of a comprehensive nature all the same. It was a moral victory for Satan. The "patience of Job" was not proof against physical inconvenience. And the lesson is one which the British public needs to-day. The response will be quick enough when people are made to *feel* the war, instead of having their sensations tickled by journalistic fictions edited by the Press Bureau. We had one little instance of this in the Deptford riots. I am convinced that the cause of this outbreak was not any sudden awakening of patriotic fury, but resentment against the inconvenience of the early closing regulations, for which the local German tradesmen were the only objects that could be held directly responsible. In the same way the Cimmerian darkness of the London streets has probably inspired more Teutophobia than all the stories of atrocities that have been written. These are the things that come home to the unimaginative. A few Zeppelin bombs would be worth half a million men to Kitchener's army. Business has been too much "as usual." It is time that Satan, or some representative, put forth his hand and smote us with the equivalent of "sore boils." Then might we cry with Job,

I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came.

REVIEWS

Ger-mania

Britain as Germany's Vassal. By GENERAL VON BERNHARDI. Translated by J. ELLIS BARKER. (Dawson. 2s. net.)

Germany's War Mania. By the GERMAN EMPEROR, BERNHARDI, DER GOLTZ, CLAUSEWITZ, and others. With an Introduction by VISCOUNT BRYCE. (Dawson. 2s. net.)

The Diplomatic History of the War. By M. P. PRICE. (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

THEODOR MOMMSEN, we are reminded in "Germany's War Mania," said: "Have a care lest in this state which has been at once a power in arms and a power in intelligence, the intelligence should vanish, and nothing but the pure military state should remain." A more apposite text for these three books could not be found. Germany subordinated her intelligence so absolutely to the military element that she had become obsessed by the war idea, and nowhere shall we get evidence in support more complete, more concise, and more convincing than in the remarkable symposium from the speeches and writings of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Bethmann Hollweg, Bulow, Bernhardt, der Goltz, Clausewitz, Treitschke, and Delbrück, now given to the world under the auspices of Viscount Bryce. Mr. Price's "Diplomatic History of the War," with its collection of official documents, will bear a different interpretation if read in the light provided by Bernhardt and other propagandists. Germany has promulgated a set of amazing doctrines, which, as Lord Bryce says, strike at the root of international morality and international law, and threaten to plunge civilisation back to primitive savagery. What, he asks, are the teachings of history? "That war has been the constant handmaid of tyranny and the source of more than half the miseries of man."

That is the short and simple answer of the historian and the philosopher. But what, we would ask, does "Germany's War Mania" teach? Surely nothing more and nothing less than that the world has been living for a quarter of a century in amity with an Empire run by men with designs on their neighbours which they did not hesitate openly to proclaim. All that "Germany's War Mania" has to convey has been or should have been known to the rulers of Great Britain, France, and Russia, and it is perhaps hardly too strong a thing to say that it was due to culpable negligence or equally culpable ignorance on the part of Governments outside Germany that larger measures of precaution were not taken against the day when the mad gospel of blood and iron, euphemistically designed "kultur" at home, should be put to the test. How futile and tragi-farcical appear the efforts to maintain the peace, of which Mr. Price makes a great point, when we realise that Bernhardt was only one of many apostles of war as a biological and moral necessity—for Ger-

many. Neither Mr. Price nor Sir Edward Grey, whom he is inclined to criticise, seems quite to have grasped this phase of the German character.

There is no need to introduce the latest Bernhardt volume to the readers of THE ACADEMY. During the past four weeks we have given samples of this book from the admirable translation by Mr. J. Ellis Barker. Throughout the volume Great Britain is the enemy: the challenge of Germany is to the British Empire. Kultur has not succeeded in making the Bernhardtis very logical. Germany wants other people's goods, mainly because she came rather late in the field, and so lost opportunities. Germany is the upstart, not France, nor Great Britain. Yet we get this gem in the new Bernhardt: "When a nation sees its power jeopardised, when its ability to solve its problems in its own way is threatened, and when the highest possessions of a nation can no longer be preserved by compromise, then war becomes a moral duty." We could not have a better example of the false premiss: what Germany was prepared to fight for was not what she had got, but what she had not got. And the lines along which she was prepared to fight and is now fighting are thrown into sharp relief by her own official laws of war, as set forth by Mr. Ellis Barker. "Remember that you are a German," said the Great Elector: so says Bernhardt. For a Briton to remember that he is a Briton is, of course, a cardinal affront—in the eyes of the Bernhardtis. Of first-rate value are "Germany's War Mania"—because it shows that the mania is no passing hallucination—and "Britain as Germany's Vassal"—because it shows that this mania, like every other, fixed itself upon a special object, the object in this instance being Great Britain. Germany's hand was forced by Russia, and Great Britain has undoubtedly proved herself the enemy in not standing by while her friends were crushed. Even if German diplomacy desired peace, the German army did not, and we are afraid we find in Mr. Price's record (which is not, perhaps, quite as impartial as he thinks) nothing more significant than the evidence of the way in which the military element in Germany got control of the situation at the end of July.

The East Country

The Heart of East Anglia. By IAN C. HANNAH, M.A. Illustrated. (Heath, Cranton, and Ouseley. 7s. 6d. net.)

Highways and Byways in Lincolnshire. By W. F. RAWNSLEY. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

FROM the days when Norwich was a small village to the time of its status as a city, and from those distant years to the present, the author of our first book takes his readers with patient care. History has much to say of "Norridge," and the chapters on "Town and Cowl," "The Coming of the Friars," "The Government of the City," and "Elizabethan Norwich" are full of most interesting material. Fuller's account

of the settlement of the Flemish weavers at Worstead is especially worthy of notice at the moment, and the description of the ancient defences of the city gives hints of troubled times. The book is excellently written, and the literary associations are not neglected, though the author admits that the members of the little group "were not very important contributions to the literature of the world." In fact, the work is a compact history of the place, one which will appeal both to the student and the ordinary reader, and the illustrations by Miss Edith Hannah add to its value.

To the well-known "Highways and Byways" series this volume on Lincolnshire is a welcome addition. It shows, perhaps, more than the usual research, giving details of town and village history and ecclesiastical affairs in quite exhaustive fashion. The pencil sketches of Mr. Frederick L. Griggs are beautifully reproduced, exquisite little studies full of feeling for contrasts of light and shade, selected with fine attention to the view-point. With the good map appended, this book will be invaluable to all who wish to explore the district.

Ancient India. From the Earliest Times to the First Century, A.D. By E. J. RAPSON, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 2s.)

THOUGH it is not easy to make Indian history attractive, Mr. Rapson has succeeded as well as any writer we know. His little book has the special merits of brevity and lucidity to recommend it, and it is the work of a scholar who knows his subject thoroughly. As Professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge, he can speak with authority on questions of languages. The history of Ancient India is chiefly dependent on literature, inscriptions, and coins, which his scholarship enables him to utilise to advantage. In fewer than 150 small pages, he has summarised the essential facts and presented them so clearly that the narrative is perfectly intelligible even to a beginner. From the ancient literatures and religions, which he treats with a light touch, he passes to the various empires which have held sway in India, to the ever-memorable expedition of Alexander the Great, to the rule of his successors and the subsequent invasions up to the year 78 A.D., when the Kushana Empire was established. There is, therefore, no attempt to cover the longer period occupied by Mr. Vincent Smith's work, "The Early History of India." In his notes on certain inscriptions and coins the author makes no claim to exhaust the whole subject; his notes on the ancient geography, including a number of cities indicated in the maps, contain much information relevant to the history, information which is not readily accessible. The outlines of chronology both reproduce and add to the dates occurring in the text. In future editions it may be possible, as archaeology advances, to settle points now open to controversy; and Mr. Rapson will doubtless deal at greater length with the whole subject in the volume of the Cambridge History of India, now under preparation, which is understood to be in his hands.

Shorter Notices

The Last Time

"Never Again!" illustrated (Dawson and Sons, Ltd., 6d. net), purports to be the history of a crime: it is a very scathing *exposé* in excellent pictorial satire of the ruthless ways of German kultur and militarism, with apposite texts from the utterances of British and German public men. The spirit of Prussian Junkerism seems to be embodied in Schiller's lines:—

Man is stunted by peaceful days,
In idle repose his courage decays.
Law is the weakling's game.

Captain Scott's Story

In "The Voyages of Captain Scott," by Charles Turley, with an Introduction by Sir J. M. Barrie (Smith, Elder, 6s. net), the author retells from "The Voyage of the Discovery" and "Scott's Last Expedition," the story of the two voyages which added splendid and tragic pages to our naval annals. He had plenty of material to draw upon, and has done his work well. The book will be a delight to any school-boy who may be lucky enough to find it among his presents, and it will certainly be eagerly read by men and women who had no opportunity of reading the bigger works. Sir James Barrie's introduction dealing with Scott's boyhood is a charming effort, affording precious glimpses of the lad's life at home and at school. The book, which opens with this account of the hero's early days, closes with some peculiarly pathetic extracts from letters written amid the pitiless ice and snow when hope was abandoned. In one of them Captain Scott referred to his son: "Make him a strenuous man. I had to force myself into being a strenuous man, as you know." How he did it, Sir James Barrie explains. The illustrations are worthy of the book.



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"The Friend of England"

We have received from Mr. T. Fisher Unwin a remarkably good study of "The Kaiser under the Searchlight," published at 1s. net. The author, Miss A. H. Catling, gives vivid pictures of the German Emperor in his various aspects, as war-lord, as exponent of religion, as "The Friend of England," as "Admiral of the Fleet," and each chapter is excellently considered, critical, and full of really informative matter. The book is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Kaiser as man and as ruler, and should be read by all who wish to form correct and impartial opinions on his appearances in recent years.

A Monarch in the Making

The Diaries of Queen Victoria, besides forming extremely good reading, are contributions to history, and in "The Training of a Sovereign" (John Murray, 5s. net) the Diaries are given between the years 1832 and 1840, edited by Viscount Esher. They are intimate, naive, and at times amusing — as when under the date of September 8, 1838, the young Queen describes a fall from her horse and the concern of Lord Melbourne, who "was much frightened and turned quite pale, kind, good man." The references to Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, "Uncle Leopold," and the accounts of various conversations, are highly interesting, and the

portrait-illustrations add to the charm of the book.

Literature in the Making

Young people who want a pleasant, scholarly volume should plead for "The Pageant of English Literature" (Nelson and Sons, 6s. net) as a seasonable gift. In it Mr. Edward Parrott, M.A., has collected gems of art by reproductions of famous pictures, and has described, in an easy style, the development of literature from the ancient bards and minstrels to Dickens and Tennyson.

Our Red Cross Hospital

BY A WOMAN OF KENT.

WE are all of us familiar with the old saying that while Nature in all her aspects is beautiful, Man and his works alone are vile. Certainly we realised its truth the afternoon of our visit to the local Red Cross hospital.

Nature furnished beauty in abundance. The hospital is situated on the ridge of one of our Kentish hills, to the north overlooking the river plain and the blue hills of Surrey, to the south a wide expanse of home county, just now gorgeous with colour. Within were gay flowers, cheerful wards, charming impressions of sweet-faced nurses in picturesque uniform; but underlying all the peace and sunshine was the grim presence of the monster, War! We felt drawn nearer to its dreadful reality as we stood in the midst of this handful of suffering men.

Here all that is possible for the alleviation of pain is being accomplished. Thirty Belgian soldiers are healing from their wounds of mind and body. Straight from the Front they came, after weeks of exposure, hard fighting, incessant strain and watchfulness by day and night. Some had been engaged since the first violation of their country; one man had changed neither clothes nor boots for five weeks; all were reduced to rags, distress, and collapse. Their wounds, with one or two exceptions, were not dangerous, and in the ordinary course of events they should have been ready quickly to return to active service, but doctors and nurses have had to contend with other factors as potent as physical disablement. These are nervous strain and mental exhaustion.

Few realise the cost at which the Belgians' heroic stand has been made against the invaders. These Belgian soldiers were sturdy men, fine in physique, and intelligent. Two of them, after ten days' rest, suffer from night terrors as vivid and as pitiful as those of our little children. Their faces in repose, the expression of quiet patience, the absence of the animation and jocularly we associate with our convalescent "Tommies" told their own tale. These were men who had fought and suffered to the limit of endurance. For months they had been under fire in trenches or villages, amid the ruins of their own homes, with no tidings of their families, and with only the faintest hope of ultimate success; fighting always with the fear that their loved ones' fate might be that of the unfortunates who often crossed their path, dead, mutilated, or insane from fear.

Of the thirty that day, none had received news of any belonging to him. One was called off on his wedding day, and knew nothing further of his bride than that her village was razed to the ground. Another had been wounded before, and a prisoner in the German lines, escaping by a miracle. Were it possible to bring home the significance of the war as it affects the armies engaged and the countries in which it is being carried

on to our young men who hang back from volunteering and appear to prefer business or the excitement of the football field to fighting, enlistments by hundreds and thousands would result. It is the old feeling of security, it is want of imagination which retards these men. Let our authorities make clearer the gravity of the situation, and the tremendous issue which now hangs in the balance. Let them take nothing for granted at this moment of crisis. Let them appeal to every instinct in our young Englishmen; above all to their sense of fair play, that the great encounter may be fought out by our men with less tremendous odds.

The Red Cross hospital sent these thoughts burning through one's mind. Let us end on a happier note. Certain it is that the apparent shortcomings of our nation, the things one could wish different, are the result of ignorance and misapprehension rather than of any ill intent. Everywhere are being erected monuments of self-denial, devotion and unselfish labour. One of these is the hospital of which I write. All the service in it (with two technical exceptions) is voluntary, and all is effective. The building and its entire equipment are gifts for the relief of suffering. Doctors, nurses, orderlies work for love, and work to the extent of their power. The service of the house is supplied gratuitously. Daily, faithfully, many workers arrive. Village women, mothers who live busy lives, find time to do the cleaning and housework: footmen, chauffeurs and scouts from the neighbourhood clean boots and knives and keep the clothes of the convalescents in good order. The grounds are as beautifully tended as the house itself. Constantly gifts arrive of clothing, necessities, fruit and vegetables from the gardens of those who have nothing else to offer. All is a labour of love and a testimony of devotion. The only external help is a grant from the War Office towards maintenance and drugs. What the Red Cross Society is doing for the mitigation of suffering can never be adequately appreciated by civilians, but it is comforting to know that amid the multiplicity of calls upon individual resources it is receiving generous support.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

During the past two weeks "The Academy" has announced its desire to present the Red Cross Society with a Napier Motor Ambulance costing £625. Towards that amount £100 is guaranteed in the event of the balance being raised.

We have had numerous inquiries for collecting forms (which can be had on application to the Office), and we know that a considerable number of boys and girls are working to assist the noble cause.

We have received lists from two or three, and would request those who are collecting to send in their first lists at once, so that we can make an announcement of the progress of the Fund.

At present the best list is from an Essex schoolboy, who has collected £3 3s. 10d. If 175 boys and girls throughout the country did equally well, the amount (£525) would be covered.

The War and the Neutral Powers

IN THE ACADEMY of September 12 we published a letter which Mr. Mark H. Judge had addressed to the International Law Association, in which he urged that the nations who joined in The Hague Peace Conference of 1907, other than those taking part in the present war, should meet in conference to take notice of infringements of international law by any of the belligerents. He appealed to the Association to bring the matter to the notice of the neutral Powers, and especially to ask the United States of America to take the initiative in calling the conference together. In his letter Mr. Judge said, "The compensation for so awful a calamity as the present war can only be found in an ending which shall make its repetition impossible," and he submitted that this could "only be done by the civilised nations setting up International Courts, with some form of International Police." The International Law Association received the letter on August 28, but from that day to this neither the Association nor its Council has held any meeting.

The Honorary Secretary of the Association recognised the importance of the letter, and sent it on to Dr. D. Josephus Jitta, temporary President, at The Hague, who published a reply which is startling, for in it he says: "This period of war is very peculiar for an International Association acting in the sphere of law. Our Association was founded shortly after the war of 1870-71, in order to promote peace and goodwill among men. Now, this purpose is in the greatest peril. The present war is much more extensive than the war of 1870-71. The wound for our Association is much deeper than the mere postponement of a conference, yet the possibility is not excluded that after the war the work may be resumed again. In order to safeguard the hope of the future, our Association is bound to remain strictly neutral and impartial. It must do this, or cease to act as an international body. . . . I must express the opinion that a conference of the neutral Powers, during the actual period of the war, would be without general utility and not without danger. . . . The conception of a Court of Neutral Powers—without acknowledged jurisdiction—inquiring into infringements of the settled International Law may be theoretically sublime; practically it is not feasible. . . . As to the conception of an International Police, it seems an illusion in time of peace and a folly in time of war."

Dr. Jitta's reply was evidently intended as a *non plus*, but was not so taken by Mr. Judge. He pressed forward with his proposal, and succeeded in getting together a body of supporters, who met and agreed to bring the proposal for a conference before the Powers without further delay. In his pamphlet on "The War and the Neutral Powers," Mr. Judge gives quotations from upwards of forty writers on the proposal, including the following: Mr. Frederic Harrison, D.C.L.; Mr. Thomas Hardy; Lord Kinnaid; Dr. G. B. Hunter;

Dr. E. C. Clark (late Professor of Civil Law, Cambridge); Mr. A. Vernon Harcourt, F.R.S.; Professor Flinders Petrie, F.R.S.; Dr. F. Arthur Sibly; Mr. Lewis Paton (headmaster of Manchester Grammar School); Mr. T. F. Victor Buxton; Sir Arthur Pinero; and Senator Edvard Wavrinsky (Sweden).

A letter to the Foreign Ministers of the 44 States who took part in The Hague Peace Conference of 1907, with the pamphlet on "The War and the Neutral Powers," was forwarded on November 6, as given below, with the exception that in the case of Austria-Hungary, Belgium, France, Germany, Japan, Montenegro, Serbia, and the United Kingdom, the final paragraph concluded as follows: "a message that your Government would welcome the desired conference":—

7, Pall Mall, London, S.W.,

November 6, 1914.

To His Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Your Excellency,

I have the honour of writing to inform you of the passing of certain resolutions by Meetings at Folkestone and in London.

On October 25, the Mayor of Folkestone presided over a Meeting in the Town Hall there, when the following Resolution was passed unanimously:—

"That whereas the invasion of Belgium and Luxemburg by Germany was in violation of the Conventions of 1907, solemnly entered into and signed by Germany and 41 other States, this meeting is strongly of opinion that it is the duty of the Neutral Powers who were parties to the Conventions to take serious notice of this disregard of International Law, which has led to so terrible a sacrifice of human life and the wanton destruction of many noble architectural monuments, and innumerable homes of a people who desired to be neutral in the war declared by Germany on other Powers."

On October 27 a Meeting was held in the Whitehall Rooms, London, when the writer of this letter was elected to preside. A resolution identical with that passed at Folkestone on October 25 was carried unanimously, and the Chairman was requested to forward copies to the Foreign Ministers of the 44 States which took part in the Peace Conference at the Hague in 1907.

While sending you copy of the resolutions, as given above, I send you two pamphlets in which upwards of forty writers from different standpoints give expression to their views on the proposal for the calling of a Conference of the Neutral Powers to consider forthwith how they should deal with the situation brought about by the terrible European War, which has already actively extended to Asia and Africa.

A special appeal is made to the United States of America to follow the precedent of 1907 and invite the Powers to meet in Conference at as early a date as possible.

The nations in arms are in effect asking for this Conference of the Neutral Powers. They are printing in the languages of the other Powers White Books, Orange Books, Grey Books and other documents in which they seek the verdict of the Neutral Powers. It is urged that this verdict can only be satisfactorily given after the Powers have met in Conference and carefully considered the whole of the circumstances and weighed the whole of the evidence offered by the

contending Governments in justification of their actions.

I trust that Your Excellency may at no distant date be able to transmit to me for the information of those on whose behalf I write, a message that your Government will do all it can to bring the desired Conference into being.

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your Excellency's faithful servant,

MARK H. JUDGE,

Chairman of the Meeting at the Whitehall Rooms.

A strong case has been made out for a conference. Some of the opinions given in the pamphlet have great force, for example the following:—

Mr. Thomas Hardy:—"There seems to me great weight in the proposal for a Conference of the Neutral Powers to draw the attention of the world to infringements of International Law by belligerents."

Mr. J. Lewis Paton (Head Master of the Manchester Grammar School):—"What we are fighting for is the restoration of law in Europe. Without law there is no liberty. Law must have an organ to formulate its verdict—to enforce it. We have no other centre we can look to for this except The Hague Tribunal. 'The laws are mute amid the clash of arms,' says the Latin saying. But it is just when all the ordinary laws of civil life are mute and passion runs high, that there should be another and a higher law making itself heard,—a law formulated by the civilised nations, accepted by them and therefore binding upon them."

Mr. C. F. Ryder:—"Inter arma silent leges—but surely all laws, human and divine, should not be 'held up' when men are fighting? Surely neutrals, where interests are so widely affected, have a right to some say in the present conflict? Amid the thunder and flames of war the combatants cannot see either the principles of International equity or their own actions in cold light, and it is the duty of every neutral to remind them of their obligations."

Dr. F. Arthur Sibly:—"It is surely time that neutrals should combine, not merely to protect their own interests but to punish inhumane infractions of the laws of war. Such infractions at present go wholly unpunished unless the aggrieved belligerent has resort to the dreadful expedient of reprisals. There are several means short of actual war by which neutrals can bring effective pressure to bear upon belligerents, and the awards of a neutral Tribunal could be easily enforced."

Dr. J. Holland Rose has undertaken the preparation of a little book for young people, entitled "How the War Came About." In it he traces the history of Europe from the sixteenth century to the present day, dwelling especially upon the position of our country at the time of the Armada and in the days of Louis XIV and of Napoleon. The events of 1870 are explained, and the story is then brought down to the opening of the present war. In order that no school in the country may be debarred by considerations of expense from making use of the work, the price has been fixed at fourpence. The publishers are the Patriotic Publishing Co. (Agent: Francis Colles, 3, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, E.C.)

The Theatre

"The Little Minister"

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE, who is, we understand, in America with the intention of quickly setting right some of the false statements in regard to our military actions which have been set flying among the United States, has seldom written a less convincing or more popular comedy than that founded on his delightful book of the same name.

Translated to the uses of the stage the artifice of "The Little Minister" is boldly apparent. The characters are exaggerated and inconsistent to the point of distraction—a made-up play with unconvincing parts, the sort of thing which Sir James himself, our favourite dramatist of to-day, would, we believe, laugh to scorn.

But what does it matter so long as the public likes it? Yet we are left wondering how Sir James, in the old days, managed to disburgeon his engaging novel and give us so profoundly unvarnished a stage play. For the present production Mr. Charles Frohman presents an enthusiastic and accomplished company. The elders of the kirk who haunt the Caddam Woods and the Manse Garden are played with broad effectiveness and sincerity by a long list of able comedians, none of whom, however, strikes quite so true a note as Miss Jean Cadell in her simple picture of the minister's servant. In the long cast, Mr. Donald Calthrop is extremely interesting as the hero. We do not think that he is quite the boy that Barrie drew; he is subtle, delicate, a little *posé*, shifty, passionate, attractive, and many things beyond, above and below the good and rather stupid Gavin. But he holds our constant attention and his varying moods and methods keep us ever on the alert. Miss Löhr, too, has a difficult task as the queer, unreal Lady Babbie; the audience found her delightfully attractive; and, indeed, the whole play at the Duke of York's Theatre, although it seemed to us to have passed into the grey mists of time and become utterly discoloured, is welcomed with enthusiasm and followed with constant laughter and appreciation.—EGAN MEW.

"Academy" War Acrostics

SOLUTION TO SPECIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

- (1) O vifor M
- (2) N ecessit O (us)
- (3) C o R
- (4) E cphonem E

Notes.—(1) Oviform. Having the form of an egg, also meaning like a sheep, ovine. (Chambers.)

(3) Cor. A Hebrew measure. "Concerning the ordinance of oil, the bath of oil, ye shall offer the tenth part of a bath out of the cor, which is an homer of ten baths, for ten baths are an homer." (Ezekiel xlv, 14.)

(4) A mark used to express wonder, admiration, etc. Kamsin (W. G. Cool) has solved this correctly, and therefore wins first prize; Geomat (G. E. Matthews), with three lights correct, has the second prize; and Ocol (C. Golch), with two lights correct, takes the third prize. Cheques are being forwarded in due course.

The leading scores were as follows:—Full marks (33), Anvil, Geomat, Kamsin, Ocol, Sajoth, Wilbro; 32, Zeta; 31, Foncet and Wrekin; 29, Nelisha and Sutton; 28, W. J. Tiltman; 26, Morgan Watkins.

We hope to announce next week particulars of a new Acrostic Competition.

MOTORING

NO doubt many motorists, as well as members of the non-motoring public, are curious as to the methods by which the road information collated and issued through the Press by the Automobile Association is obtained. It will interest them to know that this is mainly founded upon the daily reports which are required to be sent in by all the patrols doing duty on the roads. As these patrols constantly cycle up and down their beats they keep a sharp look-out, and undesirable or dangerous road conditions, whether serious or of comparatively small importance, are unfailingly reported to the Head Office. When accidents to cars or motor-cycles occur, careful investigations on the spot are made to discover whether they are due to permanent defects calling for alteration. In conjunction with a large staff of "road surveyors," the patrols regularly notify the Association of disturbances, such as sewer construction, etc., and indicate the probable duration of the processes. They are diligent in noting stretches of roads closed for half their width—a very common source of potential danger at night—and they supplement such information by pointing out what alternative routes are available. In many cases the patrols are able to get into touch with road-foremen and other responsible parties, and secure a prompt alleviation of the trouble. This is especially notable in the case of floods, which can be quickly drained by the ordinary road-men. All such information is carefully compiled, and can be referred to at any time at the Head Office in Whitcomb Street, or at the Branch Offices of the Association. This work is perhaps the least obtrusive, but it is certainly one of the most valuable of the many functions fulfilled by the A.A. on behalf of the motorist.

Private motorists who would care to assist in meeting the wounded at the London railway termini, with their cars, are requested by the Automobile Association to communicate with the Head Office, when full details of the time they will be required will be forwarded. The Association has been instrumental, in conjunction with the ambulance column of Mr. W. H. Dent, in providing a large majority of the cars thus employed. It is not unusual for as many as three separate calls to be received in one day at Fanum House, which often means the getting together of fleets of cars numbering forty or fifty, so that there is practically an unlimited call for the services of motorists in this direction.

There are rumours current to the effect that, owing to the war, British tyre manufacturers will shortly be compelled to use steel studs of inferior quality to those which have been used hitherto. The Dunlop Rubber Company desire to contradict this statement, so far as their productions are concerned. They state that the studs in all Dunlop non-skids will remain of precisely the same quality as heretofore, there being no interruption, and no likelihood of any, in the supplies.

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

AFTER we had gone to press last week the Stock Exchange issued a series of new rules which were intended to help the members to get over the settlement that has been fixed for November 18. It was hoped that these rules would permit the House to re-open. But the new rules have met with hysterical opposition. Indeed, I do not remember to have ever heard so much mad and excited criticism. Much of it is quite beside the mark; a great deal of it is the result of a misreading of the rules. There is, however, some sort of basis for the complaints. There is no doubt that the rules benefit the lender of money much more than they do the borrower, and it is openly said that as lenders of money are very influential on the Committee the rules have been influenced by personal considerations.

I do not believe this, and I cannot agree with many of the critics. Admittedly the House is in a hopeless condition, with hundreds of men quite insolvent, admittedly hundreds of clients are either on the Continent and cannot pay their differences or are at the front and equally incapable of attending to business. Nevertheless it seems ridiculous to grumble because the "bulls" are asked to pay 10 per cent. margin either in cash or shares, and are given the option to commute this payment by arranging for a higher rate of interest than that fixed by the Committee. It seems to me, and it must seem so to any sane business person, that a man who bought say a thousand Canadas without any intention of paying for them is a great deal better off under the new rule than he would have been under the old ones. Under the old system he would have had to pay the whole of the differences each account; if he had not paid the broker could have sold the stock out against him, and he would have been liable for the whole of the difference. Now he gets a run for his money which extends into one year after peace has been signed, and all he has to pay is 10 per cent. margin and the usual interest. If he cannot pay 10 per cent. margin for a practically indefinite option on the stock then he must be very hard to please. I have no patience with those who object to this 10 per cent. Of course, it may press hardly upon people whose securities have not fallen 10 per cent. I may say that there are very few in this category, but there is no doubt that the broker having such a client would gladly meet him.

The "bear" is not very fairly treated. Indeed, he seems to be hardly thought of at all, but the "bull" has never been better off in his life. It is very easy to invent hundreds of cases which seem to press hardly upon both broker and jobber, and also the client. But there should be some sort of give and take, and on the whole the rules are equitable. No one seems to me obliged to pay, because he can always go to the Emergency Court if the broker is too hard.

The Stock Exchange comes out of the whole business very badly indeed. It appears to me that large numbers of quite insolvent members are raising a hullabaloo with

the idea of getting out of paying anything. Dozens of brokers assure me that their clients cannot pay, and they declare that when the dealer from whom they have bought the stock asks them for a name they will refuse to give one. In ordinary times the dealer would thereupon sell out the stock in the open market, and thus obtain a name in which to put the security. But in these days he is, of course, unable to do this, and the brokers know this and are trading upon their knowledge. I call this rank dishonesty. The brokers say that many of the dealers are "bears," and that they have never bought back the stock which the brokers have purchased. The brokers ask why they should therefore pay these "bears" 10 per cent. margin in addition to a rate of interest each account. This sounds very pretty, but who is to say whether a dealer who has sold stock has sold what he actually possesses or has sold short? The fact is the broker and the dealer are always in deadly antagonism, and the formulating of the present rules has brought this antagonism right to the fore.

There is a small section of the House which desires to cancel all bargains made for the new account. This also would be rank dishonesty, for a bargain has always been considered the most sacred thing in the Stock Exchange.

I have inquired of hundreds of members their opinion on these new rules, and I must admit that all the big firms appear to think them more or less equitable, whilst the invariable answer of small firms is that they do not intend to comply with the rules at all, and that they would rather leave the House.

Mr. Asquith has decided to give Mr. Cunliffe a peerage on the ground that he was of immense help to the Government during the recent financial crisis. I am sorry to disagree with Mr. Asquith. I think that Mr. Cunliffe's advice to the Government was more often wrong than right. I can find nothing to justify such a high reward as a peerage. No doubt Mr. Cunliffe is a wealthy man and his business a good one, but his governorship of the Bank of England will hardly redound to his credit. He made a blunder when he forced the Joint Stock Banks to pay 5 per cent. interest monthly on the currency notes. It was hoped that these currency notes would be taken largely by the banks, but they have repaid nearly the whole of the loan. He made a huge blunder when he advised the Government to buy bills "without recourse," a blunder that was quite inexcusable, and which will cost the country fifty millions. He got the Government in such a mess over this matter that almost immediately fresh regulations had to be issued. But they were not issued until large numbers of bad bills had been foisted on the Bank of England at the expense of the taxpayer. Mr. Cunliffe has presumably given instructions to the West End Branch of the Bank of England to close up all the small accounts. This is an overbearing act of petty persecution, and one which should not have been taken in days like these.

The Bank of England lacked all foresight when it allowed its gold reserves to fall in the early part of the year. It should have known when gold went to a premium that something was in the wind, but it never made the smallest effort to strengthen its position, and it showed complete lack of business ability. I think this is the mildest criticism I can make.

Amongst the reports of the week are South Durham Steel, the figures of which are very bad. Profits have tumbled by nearly one half, and the dividend is reduced from 25 to 10 per cent. The shares seem over-valued. J. B. Brooks and Company, the well-known leather works of Birmingham, have had an excellent year, and the usual dividend of 10 per cent. is paid. The balance sheet shows

a very strong position, and the firm should be full of war contracts. The shares are worth buying. Edison and Swan tell us that the business has expanded; nevertheless this well-known firm can only make £4,695 profit, and the position is definitely bad. Nearly half the assets are composed of goodwill. Rudge, Whitworth, the well-known cycle firm, have made £16,746. Nothing is paid on the ordinary, but £10,000 is set aside to meet exceptional war charges. Dalgety's profits have fallen away considerably. The dividend, however, is not changed, and £197,000 is carried forward. The financial position is very strong, and I have no doubt that, as in the Boer War, this firm will make large profits out of wool.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE WAR AND AMERICAN PUBLIC OPINION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—To speak of American "public opinion" at all seriously is, I am only too well aware, to speak somewhat vaguely, since "American public opinion" is an extremely doubtful quantity. That is to say, it is but rarely that the average American professes to entertain decided and independent views of his own on any public question or momentous issue: the average American prefers to let others do that—he desires only to be "left alone" and to be allowed in peace and quietness to reflect and imitate the light of others whose "business it is" (in his opinion) to express the views and interests of the nation! Hence we have but a few American newspapers in whose columns there will be found anything like the same space devoted to public correspondence as there is in almost any newspaper you may pick up in Great Britain. In short, whereas the average Briton thinks for himself, and is not afraid nor unwilling to express his honest sentiments regarding any and every political and social topic, the average American is content to adopt, or shape, his at second hand. Hence "public opinion" in America is too generally formulated by irresponsible and ill-qualified minds, and is apt accordingly to prove extremely unreliable and oftentimes a very variable and even dangerous national factor. For just as the average citizen is content to let others do his political thinking, and to surrender even (what should be) his own conscience to others' keeping, so the average American newspaper adapts its political "principles" and patriotic views and sentiments to what its editor deems "practical advantage." He rarely stops to consider whether it might not be sounder policy to improvise (in certain emergencies) some show of moral vertebra! But even though too many of our newspapers and periodicals are conducted on such loose lines, we have still a sufficiently virile "saving remnant," and some few honest and thoroughly independent American journals cannot either be "bought" or intimidated; to these we shall owe our ultimate immunity from all participation in this odious war, if immunity be vouchsafed this nation after all. German emissaries and German machinations are being exercised on all sides; and no means or methods will be deemed too vile or detestable to serve German ends. In effect, an utter transformation would appear to have been effected of the German character in the United States since the outbreak of this war. Hitherto Germans have been popularly regarded in the United States as singularly loyal, and the German element as a singularly reliable and desirable leavening factor. Moreover, whereas heretofore Germans in America were constantly regarded as kindly, honourable, and generally good-natured people,

they are now notorious for their hatred, arrogance, and for their utter Kaiser-obsession. And yet they left their own country to escape Kaiserism and espionage! It would seem then that Germans never can become true freemen—because incapable of understanding what Freedom means and implies. Yet I am assured that Germans in Canada remain thoroughly loyal and fully appreciate British Liberty! It must be that our more democratic American institutions and views of Liberty do not appeal to Germans on some strange account—perhaps because of our greater proneness to “play politics” and pander to “boss rule”!

I am reminded of a certain passage in Lytton's splendid story of “Rienzi,” wherein he refers to that monster, the “Baron Bandit” Duke Werner, whose banditti so grievously devastated all Italy in the early 14th century, and who blasphemously proclaimed himself, “Enemy to God, to pity, and to mercy,” and had the same emblazoned on his banner! For I maintain Duke Werner was not, in grain and essence, a whit worse than the man whom the whole civilised world to-day holds responsible for the homicidal war now raging; nor were the horrors perpetrated by Duke Werner's banditti more atrocious than are the crimes perpetrated by German hordes in stricken Belgium. Hence the indignation and disgust of Americans in such relation! They could bear much provocation at the hands of “German Americans,” who were so arrogant and boisterous at the outbreak of hostilities (wherever the “German element” happened to be unusually strong); but they can neither bear, nor readily forgive, the inhumanity and barbarism which have characterised German military methods thus far; and it needs but a few more similar excesses and outrages so to revolt American humanity as to seriously menace German American relations in the future.

New York.

EDWIN RIDLEY.

BELGIANS AND ENGLISH SPELLING.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—An American correspondent writes in the *Winnipeg Free Press* that certain of the Belgian leaders have cabled to him the following remarkable proposal:

We realise that our nation is seriously hampered by lack of one national language. It is impossible to make either Flemish or Walloon universal, because of the rivalry of races. We do not wish to encourage further use of French, wishing to maintain our distinct individuality and cultivate British rather than French characteristics; therefore we propose that Belgium should adopt English as a national language, making herself the England of the Continent, the sister nation of England of the Isle.

Deducting a little from the exuberance of gratitude for immediate help, we have still the certainty that a strong link has been beaten out in blood and tears between Belgium and ourselves, and that the friendship thus begun will continue for years.

But in attacking the English language the most courageous Belgian might well quail before the spelling difficulty. This is probably more familiarly known as the pronunciation difficulty. It is not the pronunciation, however (except perhaps the “th” sound), that is difficult, but the orthography that has lost touch with the sounds represented.

What better linguistic service could we render those brave Belgians who would pay us the compliment of

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adopting our language than that of simplifying our spelling? The mercy—like all mercies—would be twice blessed and redound on our own heads. Professor Gilbert Murray wrote to me the other day that he had been told by a lady who was trying to teach English to some Belgian refugees what insuperable difficulties appeared when she came to the spelling problem.

The sprightly contributor “Bob” in the *L'indépendance Belge* gave a little account of the trouble his countrymen in London are having with the English language—“the language of Shakespeare and Mr. Asquith,” he calls it, although the latter would probably admit frankly some discrepancies between the two. Some of these perplexed Belgians are still pale from the effort of finding out how to pronounce *brougham*, *creature*, and *viscount*. The “twittering” pronunciation of English adds further bewilderment. It is instructive to note the phonetic spelling which “Bob” gives of the phrase, “What is the time?” The Belgians, he thinks, will gain a good idea of the correct sound if they repeat “Boite à musique.”

Seriously, these difficulties experienced by refugees provide something more than newspaper copy. They give food for thought and induce the reflection that it is time the question of spelling reform was dragged from the skyey regions of academic debate to solid earth. After peace has been declared we hope that, in compliment to our brave Allies, the first educational reform will be the appointment of a Commission on this question of spelling.

I am, yours, etc.,

CHRISTINA JUST.

48, Grafton Road, Acton, W.